



## HOLY INNOCENTS

Sleep, little baby, sleep;  
The holy Angels love thee,  
And guard thy bed, and keep  
A blessed watch above thee.  
No spirit can come near  
Nor evil thoughts to harm thee;  
Sleep, Sweet, devoid of fear  
Where nothing need alarm thee.

The Love which doth not sleep,  
The eternal Arms. surround thee;  
The Shepherd of the sheep  
In perfect love hath found thee.  
Sleep through the holy night,  
Christ-kept from snare and sorrow,  
Until thou wake to light  
And love and warmth tomorrow.

—Christina G. Rossetti.